





Chili has consented to withdraw the circulars charging Mr. Egan, the United States Minister with intriguing, and also to withdraw the demand for his recall. Has also offered to submit to arbitration the question of the attack on the sailors belonging to the U. S. S. *Baltimore*.

<i>Blommon</i>	0000000000000000	31	31	Sandakan
<i>Lightning</i>	0000000000000000	31	31	Singapore
<i>Telemanus</i>	0000000000000000	31	31	Shanghai
<i>Tevisol</i>	0000000000000000	31	31	Saigon

Aggregating 8,494 tons, register.

in thus favouring native shipping, to be  
to the letter and spirit of the Chinese  
with foreign Powers, have in conjunction  
other companies moved the Chamber of  
commerce to lay the grievance before the

That members of the profession should be true to themselves, and that the three shipmasters in question should have insisted on Captain's report to the Admiral being handed to the

on the 3rd of January, 1892, of those who  
and adhere to manly freedom, and whilst  
the proper boldness of heart to conscientiously  
uphold and appreciate truth, also possess  
same rightlly heroic courage to reveal

Where dew-drops glistened in the rising sun,  
The sun shone brightly through the old eaves,  
And flowers unfolding breathed a sweet perfume,  
And Lionel left his father there alone,  
Standing and watching as the well-worn



Until green foliage hid the winding drive—  
And all was silent.  
The light passed through the ancestral hall again;  
So quiet it seemed! The sun came smiling  
Through the  
The muffled windows where the fry sighed—  
Just as it always did—and always would—  
When sire and son would live no longer here.  
He opens now a massive oaken door,  
That ominously groans upon its hinges,  
And enters a long chamber where the dust  
Of years has carpeted the oaken boards,  
That once were polished—once! so long ago!  
Now rats and night birds seek the inmates there.  
The walls are hung with studs of the past  
Long shadowed with the memory of things  
As emblems of the past. A sombre place!  
Those aged pictures, dull, and grim, and brown,  
The once gilt frames resemble rusty bars:  
Others have faded to a softer hue.  
The faces there, some seem to smile again  
From out some hoary lattice where the shades  
Of night dwell on for ever. Here and there  
A youthful face is shrouded by the web,  
As if some gentle hand had placed a veil  
To guard the loved one from intruding gaze.  
And amber tints of age transformed the scene  
Into a twilight—calm and still.

The old man sat  
Before a picture there—his long-lost wife.  
The shades of evening played upon her brow—  
Or seemed to, in that corner so obscure.  
A childish face, and the graceful folds  
Of her tresses; and the graceful folds  
Of a loose garment of a distant clime  
Clung round her fragile willow form. And  
Drooped in a festoon on her half-bred breast,  
Contrasting well with her soft olive skin.  
Those deep-lashed eyes that shone with Eastern  
fire  
Had softened down—grown dull while watching  
there;  
But seemed to speak of dear departed joys  
Which fanned the embers into life again.  
This was the picture of fair Elaine—  
The loved and lost.

His eyes were also dim,  
But yet he loved to enter Shadowland—  
That land of dreams where youth returns again.  
From out the sterile plain of bygone years,  
And mark the smiles that hover'd round those  
lips,  
And close his eyes to hear a deep, rich voice,  
That sounded from the hills of Paradise  
And echoed through the cloisters of his heart—  
And see her once again.

He sojourned there,  
The room grows darker and the pictures fade:  
The old man bends his head upon his arm,  
That quietly rests on the chair's broad back,  
And seems to dwell in scenes not of this world.  
The long dead shadows lengthen in the gloom;  
As the pale moon creeps forward to the wall  
And rests there with those emblems of the past.  
The old man sleeps—a moon-lit face looks down  
Upon his hand and aged head,  
On silver hair that the moonbeams play,  
And angels watch while night is passing on.  
Then softly enters Death, with reverent step,  
To add another heinous to the past.  
And with an artist's hand removes the veil—  
And leaves the picture there among the rest.  
Then Time's old entry in the bell tower  
Tolls out the watch just ended—All is well!  
And white wings stir the night air in their flight.  
The ivy from its sleep just rustles now,  
And grimly nodding "A stolen march!"  
And Silence answers "Yes."

PART II.  
Some years have passed away. We shift the  
scene.  
A dark the waters of the Southern sea  
Stretch out before us. Stars shine overhead,  
Like diamonds on a sapphire desert stream,  
Lighting the sky and torrid plain beneath.  
Which hints, and slumbering seems to breathe.  
A vessel lies becalmed. Her white sails, hung  
Close to the tall pine masts, now idly hang.  
As if with vestal innocence they yawn;  
The timbers of this old craft creak and groan,  
Seeming to far lamentably with age.  
While waiting for the coming time when man  
Shall leave her where she will to find a grave  
In the deep, far down where some snug coral bed  
Will form a pillow, and encrust her prow,  
And let the sea flowers climb each lofty truck.  
And thus secure, with ocean's sky above—  
Take leave of busy life.

How calm it is!  
The helmsman rests his chin between the spokes;  
In superstitious trust, he whistles low,  
For wind. The "look-out" on the look-out head  
Leaves over the captain, and with Morpheus views  
His home and haunts on some far distant shore.  
Or holds the hand of one who has been lost,  
That ever the power of sleep crossed her path.  
He held her hand, and even—pressed her lips.  
He had been absent long—Time does not splice  
The broken ties, first strangled, then worn out  
By Fate. And so the bark drifts on.

But dreams are short.  
A gentle air now fills the sails and wafts  
The vessel slowly forward on her course.  
Squire Lyndell's son, his Lionel, walks the poop,  
Now leans upon the taffrail 'neath the wheel  
And gazes far astern upon the wake.  
A forming caseway of sulphurous light  
That grows more lurid as the night grows dark.  
Often at midnight, resting thus from toil,  
Would Lionel gaze into the mystic depths,  
And see again, as if reflected there,  
The old Hall and the castle on the hill,  
And hear once more the rippling of the stream.  
Poetic nature would invest the scene  
With feelings of purest love.

For what had been. Sometimes a tear would steal  
From those blue eyes and down his sunburnt  
face.  
(Nor was he one while the least man for this;  
The seamen, who respected him, had seen  
His courage tried and tempered with the gale,  
And knew the meekness of his firm-set will.)  
Then he would mark a course for future weal,  
But while he measured off the latitude  
And longitudes of unexplored domains  
Of happiness that some day must be his,  
Again he heard his father's farworn words—  
"Look not too farward for life to-day;  
"Trust not the morrow—'tis a doubtful loan;  
"For who can tell? While sleeping, death may come."

The breeze increases, and with braces taut,  
And yards braced up, and steering two points  
free,  
The stout old ship heels over well to port.  
The ropes all tighten, sheets and braces crack  
While surging slightly to the increasing strain.  
As rose the moon, so did the white sails  
In fulfilment, and on the horizon far  
White clouds closed in and form'd a fleecy bow,  
"Clined to be equally 'quoth an aged tale,  
Who smiled to windward and predicted work."  
"Aye, Billy, it will afore the yacht is out!"  
Responded Carl, a man of Dutch descent.  
Four bells then sounded and the officer  
Gave the command to "brace the yards sharp  
up!"  
And bid the helmsman "keep her lifting aft."  
The heavens declaring war!  
On came the clouds, and whitened as they crowded  
And lo! the battle-field from East to West,  
Forming a vanguard to the leader, force  
That moved more slowly, being armour clad,  
And as the column wheeled round to the front

The rattling of artillery on the plain  
Awoke the elements to strife again—  
And then the contest raged.  
"Stand by the helmsman! now my men—stand by!"  
Shouted young Lionel from the upper deck,  
With clear, calm voice; the mate dived down  
below.  
To tell the Captain of this sudden change.  
Again his voice resounded thro' the blast—  
"Lower the yards! three hands to the job!"  
"The rest lay aft and bristled the spanker in!"  
And turning to the helmsman "keep your loft!"  
Anon the captain and the mate rush up.  
And swear a short enough to sink the ship.  
Then in confusion men rushed fore and aft  
Lowered topsails down, but let the masts aloft.  
Staysails were furled, but broke adrift again  
To be converted into canvas whips.  
That cracked and lashed like whips up aloft,  
Driving the seamen from each swaying yard,  
For braces were let go, and blocks came down  
As if determined to enjoy the game,  
And crack the skulls of those who placed them  
there;  
And so the gale increased.

The sea ran mountains high!  
The captain stood beside the helmsman, aft;  
No longer did he jump or swear, but grasped  
The rail more tightly—and his whistly fluke.  
For that old skipper boasted when on shore  
That he could stand in one sand voyage  
To float his vessel in the dry-dock;  
But God forbid we should revile him now—  
He drank his fill that night. Before the morn  
His thirst would well be quenched—quenched  
with the brine.  
His time was drawing nigh.  
The lightning flashed upon the quivering spars  
And for an instant leapt across the deck,  
Revealing all the terror and dismay  
Depicted on the swarthy faces there.  
Many among the figures thus exposed  
Had scored the gale, but now looked petrified  
And stood like mummies in a marble mould.  
But others rushed about and shortened sail  
As best they might, with many hands too short.  
Lionel well knew the state which things were in;  
He did not rush for hatchet or for axe,  
Nor life-buoy either, but belayed the ropes  
And saw the fore sheet clear for letting go.  
But little seed, for as he turned the coil  
Down came the yard and topmasts in a squall,  
Crushing the boats and plunging up the deck  
Close where our hero stood.

The lightning struck her, and the malmast fell  
Stranding the shrouds that tore the weather rail,  
Disabled pumps, and killed the second mate—  
Then rose the tempest with a horrid shriek  
The sea lashed white and thunder joined the  
din—  
And night were slowly on.

Those who were left to see the carnage through,  
Some tore their hair, and looked into their veins,  
Then, shuddering, recoiled and prayed in vain,  
Or sprang in frantic fear from side to side,  
Clutching at planks, their eyeballs starting out.  
Until they saved and knew not what they did.  
Others, less frantic, in a feverish haste  
Collected wreckage to construct a raft.  
And Lionel bravely laboured with the rest;  
Or lanced, so, for, truth to tell, the youth  
Knew that his time had come, for Life and Death  
Were shaking hands too cordially by far,  
To meditate a rescue being nigh.  
So desperately they worked amid the shrieks,  
Midst dead and dying, and midst tolling spars—  
Wrestled and fought with Fate.

"She's sprung a leak!"  
"Was then the dreadful cry."  
No answer aye—no living soul was there.  
The wheel was crushed, the helmsman's mangled  
corpse  
Protruded from beneath a broken yard,  
The chief mate stood against the starboard rail—  
Planned to his post, with white eyes glaring out.  
Into the tempest—into awful space.  
Then he lay in darkness and in death surveyed  
The ghastly wreck and still more ghastly grave:  
The Captain was not there.

Fresh broke the tempest in its frightful wrath,  
Lashing the waves into a seething chaos.  
Above, below, while thunder rent the air,  
Then rushing on the wreck, rebounded there,  
And formed another vault that gaped and  
groaned,  
Charging again upon the doomed ship,  
That shuddered, rolled and shook from stem to  
stern,  
Battering her sides and opening all the seams;  
Starting good bolts that held the timbers long,  
And knew that death would resist to the last.  
Once more the dreaded came madly on  
With jaws extended. See! the dark mass falls  
With fearful crash! The old bark totters back,  
Then rises up upon the highest crest  
And quivering there, repels another wave,  
And yet another, with her stern engulfed—  
Then sinks into her grave.

Now let us leave the great sea far behind  
And hasten back to haunts of long ago.  
There stands the Hall. But how the weeds have  
crept  
About the mouldered porch! and on the steps  
Thick moss has grown for years. No footsteps  
breaks  
The sacred silence. All speaks of the past.  
The sun no longer shines upon the dial  
And creepers hide its sad hard-weathered face.  
For no one marks the time that passes there,  
Only the birds that with their plaintive songs  
Seem to recall the days that are no more,  
And, perched among the tall elms, sing and  
chirp.  
The slow decay of that dear rustic home—  
A home no more.

And are the pictures there?  
Yes, all are there—but all are sadly changed,  
And Elaine has faded quite away.  
The old retainers of the last acquire's time  
For years had gone on with their usual work  
After his death, and kept the green lawns  
mown  
And flower-beds tidy, for they always said  
The young heir would come back. Some knew  
him well,  
And often told of Master Lionel's "granks"  
And many of them could recall the day  
That he was born, when they had quaffed his  
health.  
But those old servants died, one by one,  
And Raa, the last survivor—the poor soul,  
Has now succumbed for many years—  
Would hobble to the gate at close of day  
And look along the road. But no one came  
And no one lives there now. The village folk  
Declare the place is haunted—yet they say  
That Lionel Lyndell will return some day.  
And so the young grow old, and let the tale  
The place is haunted. Let us leave it so.  
God order all things best.

CHAS. J. H. HALLCOMBE.  
Kinchow, Island of Hainan, January, 1892.

MARINE COURTS OF INQUIRY.  
The subjoined extracts from a letter  
addressed to the "British Merchant Service  
Journal" in July, 1890, by "An Ancient  
Mariner" will, in view of recent very  
unsatisfactory decisions in the "Far East,"  
notably the *Yunnan* and *Namhow* inquiries,  
be especially interesting to our numerous readers  
abroad and to all concerned in the vast  
shipping affairs of this colony. Furthermore, the

reproduction at the present juncture will suffice  
to prove that the scandalous state of affairs  
exposed in an old and crying evil, to check which  
British shipmasters and officers should protest  
vigorously and insist on reforms which, if much  
longer postponed, will result in more serious  
trouble than the sapient wire-pullers of the Board  
of Trade have any notion of, for the  
reason that they, in common with many others,  
have failed to recognize that the British Merchant  
Service when well organized—and its organization  
is going on apace—will be a gigantic force,  
more powerful than all the trade-unions that  
ever existed, for it cannot be denied that were  
masters and officers to "go out" in all parts of  
the world at one and the same time, the com-  
merce of the universe would be instantly  
paralyzed. And the sooner that possibility dawns  
upon the Government, the better it will  
be for shipping interests in the end.

"I venture to submit a few remarks about  
Nautical Assessors, that brother shipmasters  
abroad may be induced to give their opinion and  
experience in the same way upon a subject  
which so nearly concerns us all, as the mis-  
carriage of justice through incompetent or biased  
Assessors threatens the whole future of  
every master and all those dependent upon him  
for maintenance and education, and I sincerely  
trust that those who read will do so to strengthen  
the Petition upon this subject which is to be  
presented to the House of Commons by the  
Shipmasters' Society of London.

"The first point raised in the glaring injustice  
of the choice of Nautical Assessors appointed to  
take part in Courts of Inquiry. Favouritism is  
so conspicuous that it is palpable interest must  
interfere with fair judgment, for we find that the  
same men figure as Nautical Assessors in nearly  
all these Courts, as proved beyond denial by the  
tabulated form which appeared in the March  
number of this journal. The Assessors' fees are  
good, and prove a valuable adjunct to their  
income, so that scapegrats must be found, others  
whose occupation would soon be gone. The  
Assessors are referred to above, prove  
beyond a doubt that it is at present the monopoly  
of a few. Why are not Assessors chosen more  
promiscuously? There are now in London and  
every port in England hundreds of good, capable  
men, out of command owing to the present  
dreadful depression in trade, and there are  
always hundreds of men in command of ships  
in our harbours who could act. Why then are  
Assessors not chosen promiscuously from a class  
of men more the compeers of the man on trial  
than those now chosen, who are unfit to judge  
owing to self-interest, and are too often men on  
the retired list of the Royal Navy?

"Referring to Nautical Assessors appointed from  
the retired list of the Royal Navy, we  
approach the second point to which I have the  
honour of drawing your attention. I uphold that  
they are incapable of judging as Assessors the  
actions of a merchant commander, especially in  
points of discipline. I concede all that is due  
to the officers of H.M. Navy when I say, what is  
and always has been admitted on all hands,  
that they are educated gentlemen and brave  
sailors; yet they can know nothing from  
experience of the moral discipline that regulates  
the Merchant Navy.

"The command of one of Her Majesty's ships  
sails under what is almost equivalent to martial  
law. He has marines at his command and an  
organized force similar to police. He has officers  
of many grades, and all classes live separate and  
distinct from each other. He has men under  
him, all British subjects who have been trained  
in the service, and who look forward to a pension  
in the future, and therefore are not at all a  
difficult set of men to govern. Then again if  
punishment becomes necessary to maintain  
discipline in his little ship, few men are so  
obedient as his marines. He has his naviga-  
tion, lieutenant, and his secretary, and sometimes his  
chaplain, so there is little left him to do but reign  
supreme.

"Every shipmaster knows that a consul can  
often make matters very disagreeable for him,  
and cause him all agreeable delays if he chooses,  
especially if he has any trouble with his men,  
which very often happens where they have an  
opportunity of getting on shore amongst their  
company, thus he has every reason to keep on  
good terms with him both for his own and his  
owner's interest.

"Under these circumstances, the consul and  
friends are interested in the downfall of the  
master to be tried, and the Nautical Assessors  
chosen from some vessels in port under the  
immediate influence of the consul; thus it may  
be seen that they may be to a certain extent  
unduly influenced, not on the side of mercy,  
From among the consul's friends Merchant  
Assessors are also sometimes appointed. Such  
Assessors should not be empowered to deprive  
a man of his certificate or his command, because  
they are all interested more or less, and the  
consul, more especially where he himself makes  
the charges against the master, as I did, was  
one in the case of the *Clapnet*, at Pen-  
nambo.

"That a man should be deprived of his certificate  
after fairly earning it, for an error of judgment,  
would be a flagrant miscarriage of justice  
even if tried by a competent and impartial  
Court, but to be, as now, fairly done to ruin by  
interested inquirers is most infamous.

"Sincere wishes of fair play holding positions of  
influence in the Board of Trade and Foreign  
Office, and in the House of Commons, would do  
well for the sake of their own consciences to  
inquire into this matter, for if they could realize  
the dreadful consequences that follow the  
suspending of a shipmaster's certificate for an  
error of judgment, they would be horrified by the  
contemplation of suffering they have been the  
indirect means of causing by shipboard and one-  
sided legislation.

"A word or two may bring this nearer home  
to those in position and at the heads of depart-  
ments.

"Supposing then that they have served their  
department for say twenty-five years, for ten  
years of which they have occupied the chief  
position, when for some error in judgment they  
are called to account, would they not (as every-  
one else would) consider it most unjust should  
they be deprived for a year without pension, even  
though they are permitted to serve in an inferior  
position as pen-wielder in a similar service?  
Would they not at the expiration of the year find  
it rather a loss (without interest) to get into  
another such position, however worthy—its place  
having been filled up? This would be  
rather hard after the arduous toll and deserv-  
ing perseverance that gained them the position;  
nay, would it not be more hard, for remember  
these men have families to support and educate.  
This for a momentary error in judgment  
after twenty-five years of good service, their  
reputation blasted and occupation gone!

"This is how the shipmaster is now served,  
and even then, too often after an unfair trial!"

PASSENGERS BOOKED FOR  
CHINA.

Per Messageries Maritimes steamer *Orin*,  
from Marseilles, Jan. 10.—To Shanghai; Mr.  
Sym. Mr. J. Ambrose, Mr. D. W. Crawford,  
Mr. and Mrs. Scott. To Hongkong; Mr. F. H.  
Gibbons, Mr. David Forsyth, Mr. Shand.  
Per Messageries Maritimes steamer *Natal*,  
from Marseilles, Jan. 24th. To Hongkong; Mr.  
and Mrs. F. H. Gibbons.  
Per Messageries Maritimes steamer *Sakaki*,  
from Marseilles, Feb. 7th. To Shanghai; Mr.

and Mrs. Creagh. To Hongkong; Mr. Wed-  
house.  
Per P. and O. steamer *Victoria*, from London,  
December 24th. To Shanghai; Mrs. Saint  
Croix, Misses Saint Croix, Mrs. Sheddell, Miss  
Whitaker, Miss Dundas, Mrs. Aspin, Miss  
Marchant. To Hongkong; Mr. H. W. Aspin  
and friend, Mrs. Warren, Mr. A. A. Caswell,  
Per P. and O. steamer *Ganges*, from London,  
January 10th. To Hongkong; Mr. and Mrs.  
W. Ford, Miss Gurrier, Miss Watson.  
Per P. and O. steamer *Ozama*, from London,  
January 10th. To Shanghai; Miss M. A.  
Thompson, Miss Gaskin, Miss Mulligan.  
To Hongkong; Mr. A. E. Batchelor, Mr. G. B.  
Batchelor, Mr. C. W. Woonnam, Mr. T. Mit-  
chell, Commodore H. S. L. B. and Mrs. Pailley,  
Mr. G. H. A. Willis.

Per P. and O. steamer *Valitta*, from London,  
Jan. 21st. To Hongkong; Mr. E. A. Stanton,  
Mr. Chabworth.  
Per P. and O. steamer *Aradisa*, from London,  
Feb. 5th. To Hongkong; Lord and Lady Glas-  
gow. From Colombo to Hongkong; Mr. and  
Mrs. J. Searling, Miss E. M. Plume.  
Per P. and O. steamer *Baltarah*, from London,  
Feb. 8th. To Hongkong; Mr. H. D. C. Jones,  
Mr. T. D. Taylor.

ANOTHER "LIKIN" OUTRAGE.  
A British Launch Plundered at Takow.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)  
Aspin, 24th January, 1892.  
Just a line to tell you of a great outrage that  
has been committed by the *Likins* authorities on  
the British steamer launch *Takow* belonging to  
the *Takow* Tug and Lighter Co. The *Likins*  
runners, having had some dispute with certain  
shippers of cargo being conveyed from Takow to  
Shanghai, rushed on board, seized one of the  
runners in the fore cabin of the launch, and  
in their struggles broke through the hatchet  
and top work of the launch, which, with them,  
fell through on to the engine, bending some of  
the pipes, and playing "old Harry" generally  
with the machinery. Not content with this  
they returned after an hour in force, seized  
the cargo that was on board, and in doing so  
inflicted fresh damage on the hatchways and  
other parts of the launch, stealing several  
articles out of the engine room, clothes or other  
things belonging to the crew, finally winding  
up by driving all the latter ashore, who rushed  
in a state of great alarm to the British consul  
entailing his protection.

Of course an urgent protest, or demand for  
reparation, is being made, but as to how or  
when any satisfaction may be looked for, no  
one can say. There is no doubt but that the  
indifference with which a somewhat similar out-  
rage, perpetrated on Russell & Co.'s property  
last year, has been treated by the high officials  
of the country then concerned, has emboldened  
the *Likins* authorities to commit a still more  
audacious act, and in their turn treat with con-  
tempt all local remonstrances or demands for  
redress. What will next happen if some notice  
is not taken of this last outrage, may be  
imagined though possibly not easily defined.

I write you in great haste, having had little or  
no time since the steamer's arrival to collect, or  
at least write, fuller particulars. You may like  
it for granted, however, that so far from *Likins*  
troubles being on the road to amendment, as  
nearly as I can judge matters promise to  
assume much more formidable dimensions than  
they have attained even in the recent past.

THE RISING IN PARANG.

The following was received by our Singapore  
contemporaries from the Colonial Secretary's  
Office on the morning of the 20th inst.

"Information has been received that, in  
connection with some attack on Monday, the  
18th instant, (not yet explained) Mr. Dahan  
received a gunshot wound in his thigh; there  
were no other casualties.

"Major McCallum has been ordered to proceed  
this evening to replace Mr. Dahan and to take  
charge of all active measures at Parang."  
Major McCallum, says the *Straits Times*, is  
leaving for the seat of war in the *Sea Breeze* this  
evening. The gallant Major seems quite to  
enjoy the prospect of a little real live warfare;  
and although he, no doubt, would be happier  
with his boys of the S. V. A. with him, he has to  
be content with the company of one European  
only and two or three interpreters. The Euro-  
pean is the Major's aide-de-camp, Mr. J. H.  
Inspector Howard, who goes as a "general utility  
man." There are two or three interpreters, and  
beyond these there are no more; and thus Major  
McCallum proceeds to the front alone.

The *Straits Times* correspondent writes from  
Parang, under date January 18th:  
"Things are very quiet in Parang and Tras; but  
this latter place is in a state of bustle owing to  
the numerous coolies passing to and from  
stores for the front. The news from Parang is  
as follows:—After taking the stockade, last  
week, between Tras and Parang, Lieut. Dahan  
advanced to Parang with his Sikhs. Since then,  
five stockades and several camps have been  
taken and burnt around Parang with little or no  
resistance. The fight at the first stockade, in  
which all the Malays were killed, has frightened  
the *Orang Kays* followers, and the country  
all round Parang, which is open, with numerous  
paddy fields, and does not afford cover to  
the rebels, is now practically free of  
the *Orang Kays* men. It is presumed  
he has mastered his men at the Parang stockade,  
and is fully equipped for the future. This is  
a very difficult position to take, unless a flank  
movement can be made and a path found so  
that it can be attacked in the rear, the stockade,  
which is situated about six miles from Parang,  
will be no easy matter to capture. The  
stockade is the bridge path to Parang, and  
as it has been by the heavy rains and  
traffic, renders it a most difficult matter to  
bring up stores, and this has done more than  
anything else to assist the rebels. News has  
been received here that the Governor has appointed  
Mr. Maxwell, the Resident of Selangor, to  
take charge of the *Ulu* district, by directing  
affairs from Kuala Lumpur. Mr. Maxwell  
is to arrive in Tras to-day, and all  
the heads of departments, with Mr. Bibby, have  
been summoned to meet him here. It has  
been the greatest satisfaction here to know that  
a man of Mr. Maxwell's great experience, energy,  
and ability is going to direct affairs.

A further force of 600—Farak Sikhs and 4  
mounted troops, have come overland from  
Parang and were in Kuala Kops on the 18th inst.  
They are fully equipped, and have some 300  
coolies with them to carry their stores, &c.  
The 5-pounder gun and rocket apparatus have  
reached Parang, but it was a most difficult  
matter carrying them up there. It will astonish  
and frighten the natives here when they get into  
action. The weather cleared up a little, but  
the paths are in a shocking state and almost  
impassable owing to the heavy traffic over them.

BANGKOK NEWS.  
A meeting of the creditors of the *Bank of  
Siam* was held on Wednesday afternoon at  
the office of the Bangkok Dock Company, at  
the instance of Mr. Mackay. The creditors  
represented were the *Bank of Siam*, the  
Dock Co., the *Chartered Bank of India, Australia  
and China*, and others. After a discussion it  
was unanimously agreed that the meeting

Intimations.

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Hongkong, 16th January, 1892.

the unsatisfactory state of the Company's affairs,  
and to their repeated promises of payment being  
unfulfilled, their failure to meet the creditors  
or make any definite agreement with them,  
immediate action taken for recovery of claims."  
Messrs. Clarke, Leckie and Mackay were author-  
ized to carry out the terms of the resolution.  
Although the harvest this season has been so  
much below the average the number of rice-mills  
is much increased, we observe; Messrs. Kim  
Seng Hong & Co. are erecting one which will be  
capable of turning out nearly 500,000 lbs. of  
cargo rice daily, or 150,000 lbs. of white rice.  
The case of *Harlow v. H. H. Kim Seng Hong*,  
Naradhip v. J. Catras in the Singapore  
Supreme Court has been abandoned, and the  
case *Catras v. Maclean*, in which plaintiff claims  
\$12,000, will now come on for hearing.  
The timber report of Messrs. Hoar and Brown,  
of London, states that Bangkok timber has been  
much sought after of late, the stock at present on  
hand being of a greatly improved character to  
that which has been seen for the last year and  
more.

There are now two Singapore engineers here  
on behalf of the contractor for the Kant Rail-  
way, Mr. A. R. Russell, who came some days  
ago, and Mr. Harrison, who arrived yesterday  
morning. Some preliminary work is being done,  
but regular operations will not commence until  
after the Chinese New Year.—Times.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S "NIGHTCAP."

An allusion in a London letter, published by  
one of the New York newspapers, to Queen  
Victoria's fondness for a "nightcap" in the  
shape of Auld Kirk whisky and apollinaris,  
reminds one of an incident which took place on  
one occasion on board the royal yacht *Victoria*  
and *Albert*. The Queen and her ladies had  
settled themselves in what they considered to be  
a very sheltered place, protected by the paddle-  
box. Suddenly she observed a commotion  
among the sailors, little knots of men talking  
together in a mysterious manner. First one  
officer came up, then another, looking puzzled,  
and at length the captain appeared.  
The Queen, whose curiosity had been aroused,  
asked what was the matter, and laughingly  
inquired of the captain whether there was going  
to be a mutiny on board. The captain replied  
that he really did not know what would happen  
unless her Majesty were graciously pleased to  
remove her seat.

"Move my seat," exclaimed the Queen. "Why  
should I? What harm am I doing here?"  
"Well, ma'am," said the captain, "the fact is  
that your Majesty is sitting up against the door  
of the place where the grog tubs are kept, and  
so the men cannot have their grog."  
"Oh! very well," smiled the Queen. "I will  
move on one condition, namely, that you bring  
me a glass of grog." This was done, and after  
tasting it the Queen said: "I am afraid I can  
only make one remark, and that is that it would  
be very good if it were a little stronger."—N. Y.  
Recorder.

IT RECALLS THE BLIZZARD.

In March, 1888, the great blizzard in America  
almost extinguished the city of New York. The like  
of it was never before seen. The snow completely  
stopped all local traffic. Not a horse or wheel could  
move. All the telegraph lines leading into the city  
were prostrated, and for two or three days the people  
of Boston and New York communicated with each  
other by way of London by means of the Atlantic  
cable. Thus messages intended for persons three  
hundred miles distant were sent six thousand miles,  
crossing the ocean twice.

An incident which recalls this experience to the  
writer's mind happened a short time ago in  
England. Suppose we let the gentleman interested  
tell his own story. He says: "I have suffered more  
or less from indigestion and dyspepsia all my life.  
I had a bad taste in the month, pain after eating, a poor  
appetite, and some nervousness. I was very much  
troubled by a mouth constantly filled with a watery fluid.  
No matter what I ate, however light, it disagreed  
with me and gave me pain. I had fulness of the chest,  
and pain in my side, with a miserable low, dull feeling.  
From time to time I consulted a doctor who gave me  
medicine, but they did very little good. The doctor  
said that the condition of my stomach was diseased, and  
the numerous medicines were indicated. In 1877 I received  
a pamphlet from New York telling of a medicine  
called Mother Selge's Curative Syrup, and of the  
extraordinary cure it had effected, so I procured a  
supply and after taking the first I felt better, and by  
the time I had taken four bottles more, I was com-  
pletely cured, and have been in good health, as regards  
the indigestion, ever since. Having studied the  
principles of herbs for many years, I was in the habit  
of treating people for dyspepsia and other complaints, and  
was frequently consulted by people in the district, so  
after my remarkable cure, I was so impressed with the  
merits of Selge's Syrup, that I procured a large  
supply of the medicine, and recommended it to all  
who were suffering, and people came from far and near  
for it. I may mention that on a Sunday my house  
was besieged by miners from Coal Pit Heath, and  
others from a distance. On every hand I heard nothing  
but the loudest praise and of the cure it effected,  
and the fame of this medicine was spread throughout  
the West of England with no other advertising than  
one party telling another of the benefit they had  
derived from this wonderful medicine. I wish every-  
one to know of this, and if by publishing this state-  
ment it will help others who may be suffering as I  
was, it will afford me pleasure."

The letter from which the foregoing is an extract is  
signed Moses Godwin, Old Bodbury (Bodbury), Glou.,  
and is dated April 9th, 1891. He is a farmer.  
The reader will notice that while the headquarters  
for the sale of Mother Selge's Syrup is universally  
known to be in London, by a strange chance Mr.  
Godwin's first information concerning it came from  
America, three thousand miles away, which recalls  
the incident of the American blizzard above narrated,  
and also shows that the fame and usefulness of this  
medicine extends to all civilized countries.  
Mr. Benjamin Godwin, groom and provision  
dealer, Fleet Lane, Whitehall, Whitehall, S.W., 1891.

"While living with Mr. Roberts, Fens Wood Farm,  
I first began to feel a dull heavy weight in my side,  
and noticed a bad taste in the mouth with a foul  
stomach and uncomfortable feeling after eating. I  
had no appetite, and when I sat down to the table I  
could not touch the food. I had a good deal of pain  
and noise in the head, and could not sleep for it.  
I was not fit for heavy work, and could only do light  
jobs about the farm. After cutting a hedge I would  
go quite faint, and had to sit down, and felt so much  
depressed I could have cried. Having always been  
such a strong man I took it badly to be reduced to  
such a weak state. I took all kinds of physic and  
saw a doctor, but his medicine only eased me for a  
bit, and then I was worse than before. I went on in  
this way for over a year, when a servant that came to  
live at Mr. Roberts told me of a medicine called  
Mother Selge's Syrup. She had heard a gentleman  
talking about it in the railway carriage, and he praised  
it so much that I thought I would try it. After I  
had taken two bottles my food did me good, and I  
gained strength, and by persevering with the Syrup I  
soon got as strong as ever, and have never since."—  
J. Laid.

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